The Cerrillos Rustler.

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HITTY MAKING DOUGHNUTS.

The fun we've had, my ancient chum,
In the old farmhouse, yonder!
That gable-end was where we slept—
Who sleeps there now, I wonder?
The moon lights up the big red barn,
And glides along the clover;
I tell you 'twas a happy life,
I'd like to live it over.
But best of all, to us, was when
Mehitable, our cousin,
Rolled out the doughnuts on a board,
Ah, many a baker's dozen.

For Hitty was a winsome girl,
With country ways and graces;
Somehow you don't find just that look
In any city faces.
I see her now—her eyes so blue!
I called 'em jest entrancin',
The dimples both in cheek an' chin,
They seemed forever dancin';
Her merry laugh, her sleeves tucked up,
Her hair combed off her for'ed,
Leavin' it soft an' white an' round—
She thought that bangs were horrid;
Her hands upon the rollin' pin,
No rings upon her fingers,
The memory of that happy time
It sort o' comes an' lingers.

Then, when the dough was cut in shape,
An' bits left over, maybe,
She'd, laughing, make an elephant,
Or all sorts of a gaby
For you an' me, but of the rest,
Such hearts an' rounds an' twisters;
And threw 'em in the kettle, where
They plumped with rich brown blisters;
Then quick she'd turn 'em with a fork,
An' daintily she'd set 'em,
An' land 'em—well, we boys did that
As hot as we could get 'em.

To-day the farm's in stranger-hands,
The blackberry hills built over,
The town has raised a big stone hall
Right where we picked the clover;
Mehitable's a grandma now,
An' livin' in the city,
Her husband is a millionaire,
So you an' I lost Hitty;
But we old boys sometimes review
The scenes where memory's laid 'em,
An' call to mind the doughnuts hot,
An' how we boys would raid 'em;
I've never tasted doughnuts, since,
As nice as Hitty made 'em.

—Mary A. Denison, in Youth's Companion.

BESIEGED BY WOLVES.

A Plucky Boy's Fight with the Hungry Animals.

Jack Linton, at sixteen years of age, was as sturdy a lad as you would find in a day's journey. Reared upon a new farm in the heart of the forest, where it was necessary often to supplement the products of the field by the game which abounded in the neighborhood, he was an expert shot with the rifle, cool and plucky.

The Linton's home was a humble log cabin. For the sake of warmth it was banked with earth nearly up to the two small windows, one in the front and one in the south end, which lighted the interior.

The winter after Jack's sixteenth birthday was very stormy. So deep was the snow that the lumbering parties working some eight or ten miles further in the woods had hard work to keep the postage road open. This road ran directly through Linton's clearing, which was fortunate for him; for, being the last settler in the concession and more than a mile from the nearest neighbor, he would otherwise have found it nearly impossible to keep the road broken. As it was, he had a constant fight with the snow; but it was not altogether an unprofitable one, as the lumbermen paid him for keeping a way shoveled through the great drifts that formed in his clearing.

In the month of January one of the "postage" teams brought in word that Mrs. Linton's mother, who lived at the nearest railway station, twenty-eight miles distant, was seriously ill and wished to see her daughter. Mr. Linton, having some business matters to see to, determined to go with her. So one bright, frosty morning they set out together, with a promise to make an early start the next day for home.

There was not a sign of a storm at the time, but soon after noon heavy clouds obscured the sky and the snow began to descend. By sunset fully six inches had fallen; and as darkness set in the wind arose and drove the light snow in clouds before it.

"Father and mother will have a hard time to get home," said Jack, as he came in from the stable, where he had been to milk the cows and feed them and the sheep; "the wind almost blew me over."

"We'll be all right won't we, Jack?" asked Kittie, timidly, as she set the milk pans on the table.

"Of course," answered Jack, stoutly. "There's nothing to hurt us, and we've plenty to eat and lots of wood. In the morning I'll go and shovel out the road."

After supper Jack barred the door, put the shutters to the windows and heaped the fireplace full of maple logs, which would burn without sparking. Then they all went to bed, Jack sleeping downstairs to keep the little ones company.

The clock on the kitchen shelf was striking four when Kitty awoke. Baby was restless and she had just soothed her to sleep, when a dismal cry came from out of doors.

"Jack, Jack," she exclaimed, "what's that?"

Her brother sat up in an instant. He had been asleep, but always awakened quickly.

"That's only the wind," he answered. "My, how it howls."

"Yes. That's the wind; but I don't mean that. Listen! There it is," she added, after a pause, as a long drawn howl came from before the window. It was a sound to make the blood run cold, beginning with a short bark and ending with a piercing wail. It was followed by a noise as of scratching on the roof. Jack sprang out of bed and had his clothes on in an instant.

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Kittty, in an awed whisper.

"I don't know," was the hoarse answer. "Some animal, of course," and Jack ran into the kitchen as he spoke.

The scratching on the roof continued, and now another howl was heard, which seemed to come directly down the chimney, as though the beast was contemplating the chances of effecting an entrance that way. Jack seized the poker, stirred the fire into a blaze and threw on some dry sticks. A shower of sparks and flame ascended, and the noise on the roof indicated that the visitor, whatever it was, had been driven back by this unexpected greeting. It half slid, half jumped to the great drift, which at the north end of the house reached the eaves. Then it gave a more frightful howl than ever, and an answering chorus of barks and howls came from all sides of the cabin.

"I believe it's wolves," said Kitty.

"That's what I think," replied Jack. "Well, they can't get in, that's one comfort."

"Are you sure?" asked his sister, her teeth chattering with fear.

"They can only come down the chimney," was the answer; "and they'll hardly do that while the fire is burning."

"But we'll soon burn up all the wood in the house, Jack."

"Then I'll get more," was the courageous answer.

"But the wolves, Jack?"

"Oh, there's the Winchester, Kitty. I can take care of them with that."

Meanwhile baby had awakened and was crying lustily. The wolves evidently heard the noise and became more violent. At the door, the front window and around the eaves at the north end, they scratched furiously, stopping every few minutes to give a mournful howl. There was nothing for the young folks to do but await developments, and this was very trying. Once or twice Jack felt unable to endure the suspense and started toward the door, as if to go out, but at Kitty's pleading he abandoned the idea.

At length a glimmer of daylight came through the cracks in the front window shutter. At times this would be obscured by a moving form, and at times a loud sniffle would be heard as one of the beasts would put his nose to the window and try to test by scent the probable nature of the longed-for prey within.

When this had happened three or four times, Jack could stand it no longer. He sprang to his feet, took down the Winchester and dropped some cartridges into it. Just at that moment a sound of breaking glass came from the window, and the next instant a wolf's nose was pressed close against a crack in the shutter and he sniffed the air, furiously. With a bound, Jack reached the window and, placing the muzzle of the rifle an inch or two from where the shadow obscured the light, pulled the trigger. The report rang out; baby screamed; even Kitty sprang to her feet in surprise; but out of doors all was still for a moment. Then angry snarls were heard, as though the wolves were fighting over something. This continued for a long time, and then came silence. The besieged breathed more freely. It seemed as if all danger was passed.

"There really never was any danger, Kitty," said Jack; "for they couldn't get in the house. I guess they've all gone now."

"Yes," replied his sister, "and it's time we had breakfast;" and she went to the kitchen to begin preparations.

Had they been able to see what was going on out of doors, they would scarcely have felt at ease.

At least thirty gaunt, gray creatures surrounded the cabin and stable, their appetites whetted by the blood of their companion, which had fallen a victim to Jack's rifle. Most of them had withdrawn a short distance from the house, and were sitting upon the snow, as if waiting for some demonstration on the part of the besieged. A few of them were digging in the snow about the stable door.

"While you're getting breakfast, Kitty, I'll go out to the stable," said Jack.

"Oh, don't go out just now," pleaded his sister. "Wait a little while."

"Well, I'll look out the window, anyway," he said; and, going back to the front room, he cautiously took down the shutter. The snow, which reached nearly to the window-sill, was blood-stained, and was trampled down over a considerable area, with tufts of hair scattered around. No wolves were in sight. Hastily replacing the shutter, Jack went to the south window, but found that this had been completely covered by a drift that had formed during the night.

"I guess it's all safe to go to the stable, Kitty," said he; "but I'll take the Winchester with me;" and, rifle in hand, he opened the door.

At the instant he stood in the doorway a huge wolf sprang toward him. It was not twenty feet distant. Jack's heart seemed to rise in his throat. He was sure it stopped beating; but his presence of mind did not desert him. Down dropped the rifle muzzle, out rang the sharp report, and the gray monster which had risen to a second spring that, if not checked, would have carried him fairly upon the lad, dropped dead, almost on the very threshold. Jack sprang within and shut the door, but at that instant a crash came at the front room, and the shutter, which had not been very securely fastened, fell upon the floor. Kitty, turning to look, uttered a piercing shriek. There in the unguarded window were the head and shoulders of a wolf.

"Look, Jack, look!" she screamed, and running to the corner where baby was sitting, caught the little one in her arms.

Before Jack could get in range of the window, the wolf sprang lightly in, and the head of another appeared in the opening. It was a critical moment. There was no time for thought, and prompted solely by that strange instinct which comes so often to our aid in great emergencies, Jack aimed at the beast in the window and fired. The creature gave a howl of pain and fell, blocking the window almost completely.

The Winchester was now empty, for Jack had only put in three cartridges, and, practically without means of attack or defense, he stood facing the wolf, which crouched in a skulking way, as if more than half frightened at its surroundings. Gaining confidence after a few moments, it begun to sneak forward, showing its yellowish fangs and moving its head from side to side with each slow step.

Kitty, watching every movement of her brother and the wolf from the corner where she had placed baby for safety, saw with surprise that Jack did not raise the rifle.

"Why don't you shoot him, Jack?" she cried.

"The rifle's empty," he answered. "Where's the ax, Kitty?"

"Just behind you, by the door."

Jack stepped back slowly, watching the wolf all the while; but the moment he turned to pick up the ax the brute sprang forward to seize Kitty.

The little girl screamed, crouched down over baby to shield her from danger, and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the monster whose hot breath she seemed almost to feel. The great brute was nearly upon her, when Jack, with all his young strength, struck out with the ax. The blow was almost a random one, but it sent the wolf across the kitchen, and gave Jack time to place himself before Kitty. Then, with a frightful snarl, the wolf renewed the attack; but the lad was ready, and received it with a blow so telling that the beast turned and ran back to the front room, where it cowered in a corner, snarling, and showing its fangs most wickedly. Jack saw his advantage and was quick to follow it up. Rushing forward, he got in a powerful stroke upon the brute's skull, and followed it with a perfect rain of blows, until the body of the foe lay limp and lifeless. Then he seized the fallen shutter and fastened it securely, after which he ran back into the kitchen, caught Kitty and baby in his arms and burst into tears. He was completely unnerved, and after a few moments fell upon the floor almost helplessly weak.

Meanwhile matters were assuming a new phase out of doors. On the way out through the settlement, Mr. Linton had heard that a pack of wolves had been seen the day before, and having left his wife at her mother's, had after a short rest started on his homeward journey. It had already begun to snow, and in a short time the snow became so fierce and the road so blocked with drifts, that further progress with the horse was out of the question. So stopping at a farmhouse he secured stabling for the animal, and, borrowing a pair of snowshoes, set out through the darkness and storm. It was a hard tramp, a very hard tramp. So dark was it that he could not distinguish the inequalities on the surface of the snow, and had many falls in consequence; but the thought that his children might be exposed to danger from the wolves inspired him, and he plodded on. The way seemed very long. When within three miles of home, he saw lights in the settlers' houses and knew that day was near at hand. Knocking at the door of the nearest, he was greeted with surprise by the owner.

"What's the matter, Linton," he exclaimed? "What are you doing here at this time of night? Nothing wrong home, is there?"

Linton briefly explained.

"Oh yes, the wolves," said the farmer. "That must be what I heard during the night."

"Which way were they going?" asked Linton, earnestly.

"Up the road," was the answer.

"Then it is as I feared. They have gone up to my place, and the children are alone."

"But, man, they cannot get into the house."

"I know, but the children may go out of doors;" and, with these words, he set out again.

"Hold on, Linton. If you think there's likely to be any danger I'll go with you as soon as I get my rifle and snowshoes."

But Linton was already on the way, and his friend was some little time in overtaking him. To a suggestion that he should ask other neighbors to join them, he replied that he could not wait; but his friend, with better judgment, called at several houses; and by the time Linton had reached his own clearing, four well-armed men were following him. They called him to stop until they could join him, but he made no answer. It was daylight now, and his keen eye detected red marks on the snow around the house. The sight almost crazed him; for he thought the stains were made by the blood of his children. He was almost frozen with horror as he advanced near enough to see a dozen or more wolves struggling over a body. It was in reality that of the wolf which Jack had shot as it stood looking in the window; but to Mr. Linton the only explanation possible was that Jack had gone out of doors for something, and been seized by the furious wolves.

He ran toward the snarling, fighting group without stopping to think that he was absolutely unarmed. He would doubtless have paid with his life the penalty of his rashness, for two of the brutes seeing him approach left the others and came toward him with great bounds; but two of his friends, seeing the danger he was incurring, ran forward and with well-directed shots stretched his assailants dead in their tracks. The other men fired into the struggling pack, and the brutes, surprised at the sudden attack, left the body over which they had been fighting, and running about twenty yards away stood crowded together, a hideous, snarling, wicked-looking group, furnishing a fair mark for rifle shots, as four bullets testified. Linton was now able to recognize what it was over which the wolves had been struggling, and the revulsion of feeling on seeing that it was one of their own species was so great as to almost completely overcome him, and he reeled and would have fallen had not one of his friends supported him.

Kitty heard the rifle shots, but not divining what they meant was only the more alarmed. Jack had sunk into a heavy sleep, from which she aroused him with difficulty; but once awake he understood that aid was at hand. Springing to his feet, he took up the rifle, reloaded it, opened the door and stepped out into the snow just in time to see his father coming around the great drift which had formed around the south end of his cabin. At the same moment three wolves, which had been skulking behind the stable, caught sight of Mr. Linton and sprang toward him. The other farmers were not in sight. They had remained on the other side of the house to drive off the pack, and had not observed the brutes at the stable. Jack was equal to the emergency. His nerves became like iron. He raised his Winchester and three shots rang out in quick succession. The leading wolf gave a great bound in the air and fell dead at Mr. Linton's feet; the second crawled away with a broken leg; the third turned and made for the woods; but a track of blood upon the snow showed that the last shot also had reached its mark. The rest of the pack, at least those of them which had not fallen before the busy rifles of the farmers, fled, and all danger was past.—Charles H. Lugrin, in N. Y. Independent.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Bad Habit Some People Have of Saying Unpleasant Things.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds," or "plain speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true! Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover?

The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount, and in trifles lie the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions; but if the information is unnecessary and makes her unhappy it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people. But why it should be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant ones is a somewhat puzzling question. — Harper's Bazar.

Patent Fortune Telling.

Clairvoyant — You have had many vicissitudes in the past. There has been a death in your family, if not lately, then earlier. Your father had a wart on his nose. You have been in love. You have met with a disappointment. You have splendid business qualities, a good disposition, but like to have your own way. You will soon go on a journey. A letter is coming to you with money in it. Beware of a blonde woman. She is an enemy. You will live to a good old age and die regretted by all who know you. One dollar, please.

Sitter—Told me all my past life and my future. Knows everything. Perfectly wonderful. I never believed in fortune telling until now.—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Mutton and beef are more digestible than any thing else, and as they are the most nutritious, they are the best meats for children. The prejudice that exists against pork is well founded, but corned or smoked, or very thoroughly cooked, it is not injurious.

—A Very Nice Relish.—Cut a small hole in the top of a large tomato, and fill with chopped cucumber, onion, cabbage or cauliflower and the tomato taken out; and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise and parsley chopped with onion and vinegar.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—To wash out Madras curtains, beat and shake out the dust very thoroughly and then wash in bran water. Boil a quart of bran in a bucketful of water, strain and put the curtains in while it is yet moderately warm. Rinse in more bran water and hang up smoothly in the shade to dry. Press them on the wrong side with a not very hot iron.

—Lemon Sauce for Steamed Puddings.—Boil one cup of sugar in two cups of hot water for five minutes; add three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch set in a little cold water. Boil all for ten minutes, then add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and one teaspoonful of butter. Stir until the butter is melted and serve at once.—Detroit Free Press.

—Fruit fritters are made from fresh pineapples, bananas, apples, etc. To prepare the batter beat two eggs till light, add one-half pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, stir well together and beat in one pint of flour and one tablespoonful of melted butter. When light and smooth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, dip slices of the fruit in the batter and fry.—N. Y. World.

—To keep ice from melting, it is necessary that it be kept dry and cold. Wool and paper are both excellent non-conductors, and if a piece of ice is wrapped first in a blanket and then in newspapers, it will keep a long time, but it should rest on slats or something that will keep it from touching the bottom of the ice-box. No matter how well the piece is wrapped, if it lies soaking in the water it will melt faster.

—College Pudding.—One pint soft bread crumbs, one pint warm milk, one tablespoon soft butter, two tablespoons sugar, two tablespoons cream, one saltspoon salt, one-half nutmeg, two eggs, one cup currants. Use the inside of a loaf of baker's bread; soak it half an hour in the milk. Dry the currants in a little flour. Mix in the order given, and bake in custard-cups. Stir once or twice while baking, to prevent the currants from settling.—Boston Budget.

—Veal Chops With Tomato Sauce.—Trim the chops carefully, and flatten them, dip each one in beaten egg and cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper; fry slowly until thoroughly done in hot lard; open can of tomatoes and drain off all liquor, put the liquor into a saucepan with a few slices of onion, stir fifteen minutes, then add a dessertspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of corn starch, pepper and salt, place the chops on a warm dish and pour the sauce over them; serve garnished with lemon and parsley.—Boston Herald.

—Baked Guinea Squash.—Peel, and boil whole for twenty minutes, one Guinea squash (egg-plant); cut in half and scrape out the inner portion, leaving only the shell, to the portion that has been removed, add one tablespoonful of butter, teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, one-fourth of a small onion (finely minced), one beaten egg, bread crumbs sufficient to make a very stiff batter. Fill the shells with this mixture, put them together, rub with salt, pepper and a little butter. Tie with a strong cord and bake thirty minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

New Ideas For Skirts.

One of the prettiest trimmings for a skirt front is a ruche on the lower edge of the material, silk or ribbon. If of the dress material, or silk cut the strips bias, pink both edges and lay in triple plaits, which require five times the length of the space to be covered, stitching them in the center. This trims the foot of the front and sides, and gives the graceful full look desired at the foot of the plainest skirts. If the ruche is made of ribbon, two or three widths are taken, each half an inch narrower than the bottom one, laid on each other and gathered along the center to form the frou-frou ruche. When the ribbons are of the different shades of the dress the effect is charming. The outside material for skirts is now cut but three yards wide, one half of this forming the flat front and sides, which are slightly "broken" by a few plaits at the belt on either side of the center front, which are laid to slant downwards. The remainder forms the fan-plaited back, which is stylishly confined in a narrow space. Plaid and striped skirts are made in this style, with the front half cut on the bias to bring the plaid diamond-shaped and the stripes diagonal.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Lavender and White.

Light colors are chosen for tennis gowns this season—pale blue, lavender or white—brightened by a contrasting color or varied with stripes or accessories of some darker shade. The fabrics are the summer homespuns of sheer quality, serges and flannels. Blouses and shirt waists are made of the washable silks. For yachting, navy blue serge is almost the only wear, with a few gowns of white serge, darkened by a bodice or vest, or perhaps sleeves of navy blue.—Chicago Times.